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### The Winning of Belinda

By RHODA OGDEN.

IT WAS one of those early April days when the soft air blew up the valley, stirring and swelling the young buds on the trees. You could almost see the grass grow, and, if you listened, you could surely hear the frogs, even while the sun shone, piping loud and shrill by the river. Dr. Lea, coming back from a long round of visits among the miners of Dry Branch, felt this spring air stir the young blood in his veins. The red birds from the beeches on the hill called to him "Belinda, Belinda," while the water as it rippled over the stones below echoed softly: "Belinda."

As he came around the turn of the road he saw the Belinda of his thoughts standing by the gate, and feeling irresistibly drawn he turned towards her.

"Give me some of those violets, Miss Belinda," he said, beseechingly, putting out his hand toward the bunch she had just been gathering.

"What do you want them for?" she asked, teasingly, holding them behind her.

"Because they are yours," he said, simply.

"Nonsense, do you want everything that belongs to me?" and she opened her black eyes in feigned surprise.

"You know I do," he replied, seriously.

"You are so in earnest, you can never take a joke," she said with an injured air.

"This is no joking matter to me," he answered, and tried to take her hand that was resting now on the gate, but she quickly snatched it away, saying saucily: "Some day perhaps you may, when you do something to make me look up to you. As it is now I don't have to lift my eyes to you," and she looked mischievously straight into his.

She regretted her words almost as soon as she had said them, when she saw the hurt expression on his face. But she did not speak—and after a moment of silence he turned away.

"You are in an impossible mood this evening and I am only doing my cause harm. Until to-night then," and waving his hat to her, he sprang up the hill toward a straggling row of miners' houses, and was soon lost to sight behind the tall paw-paw bushes.

Belinda leaning idly against the gate, gazed thoughtfully at his retreating figure. She repeated to herself again and again that he was too young and inexperienced, she wanted a man who had fought hard battles and won great victories. She recognized his fine qualities, his talents and their possibilities, but she wanted to see them tested; his boyishness provoked her, while the nobility of his character she did not fully appreciate. She shrugged her pretty shoulders as she thought, with something between a smile and a sigh, that Dr. Lea would be back, like the "moth round the candle" that very night.

Ever since that day six months before when Dr. Lea had come as her father's assistant, she had known he would fall an easy prey to her or her sisters. There was Serena, engaged at sixteen to one, married at twenty to another. Belinda ended her reverie with almost a wish that the next would prove of harder heart, it would at least be more exciting, and life at Dry Branch needed all the exhilaration one could give it. She turned reluctantly from the gate and the charming view down the valley and walked slowly toward the house.

As it grew dark she watched for him from the open door. She saw the corn stalks fire blue from point to point along the river, the mountains dark against the sky, and the stars come one by one. But still the doctor's quick footstep did not sound on the path and Belinda began to think that after all, though she did not want him just yet, she could not do without him. One after another the young men connected with the neighboring mines dropped in, and music and laughter sounded through the open door of the "Old Doctor's" hospitable home.

Belinda dancing to the ragtime two-step, her crimson ribbons setting off her white neck, a flower tucked in her dark hair and her black eyes sparkling, was the very personification of youth, happiness and life. Suddenly as she passed the window she saw her brother Earl's face, white, with frightened eyes. Her heart almost stopped beating, for she felt instinctively that something dreadful had happened. Hearing her frightened cry the dancers paused, the music broke off, and the young people gathered about Earl.

"Oh, what has happened?" they cried, breathlessly.

"Fellows," he said, excitedly, "come out to the road. Lea has been clubbed and badly hurt trying to save a child from a drunken brute—pay day, you know, and some of the roughest miners are wild with drink. He is lying unconscious now. I tell you Lea has pluck!" the boy added in awe-struck tones. "He pitched into a man three times his size, and every drunk, he saved the child, but he—" and Earl, unheeded, broke down with a sob.

No one noticed Belinda leaving white and faint against the window. The old doctor and young men followed Earl, leaving the frightened girl to crouch by the fire, for the night had grown damp and chill. Belinda's light words of the afternoon came to her again and again through those long hours. After what seemed an age Joe Hildreth came to tell them that Lea was seriously injured, they did not yet know the full extent. He had been carried to the office.

Later he came for Belinda. Lea was conscious now, and had asked for her, would she come? Throwing a coat about her, Joe half led, half supported her across the porch and lawn to the office. There he paused. "Miss Belinda," he said, huskily, "you have plenty of grit, you will need it all now. We fear Lea has his call, but it will not do to break down before him."

So, trembling from head to foot, she braced herself for anything, as they pushed the door open and entered the large, low room. The windows were open to the spring night, the sounds of the running water in the creek and the pipe of frogs penetrated the stillness. She never heard these sounds again without seeing that scene she looked at now.

Dr. Lea lay propped up on a couch, his delicate, thin face deathlike in its pallor, the young men and the old doctor about him. They withdrew as they saw her, as she came near him she saw that he was indeed very near the borderland of life and death. Her own life dwindled to nothing before this great experience that had come so close to the man who loved her. She forgot everything now but that, as she fell on her knees beside him. He was too weak to speak, but the look in his eyes as she grasped his hand told her enough.

"Sidney," she said, unhesitatingly, "you must live, and for me, or I shall never forgive myself for my idle words this evening—somehow until to-night I did not know."

He did not speak, but a look of perfect content shone on his face, and presently she saw he was sleeping as quietly as a child, still holding her hand tightly in his. She did not know how long she knelt there, but as she rose from her knees the dawn was breaking, and a wood-thrush was calling to its mate from the hill.—Home Magazine.

"Precisely. But who is cooking it?" It was too early for breakfast in any of the houses at the officers' quarters, and besides, the odor seemed to come from the plain.

"This must be looked into!" muttered the officer. "Suppose we take a walk over the plain."

A fragment of scorched ham was found in the grass, then a piece of badly made toast, then more ham and more toast.

A trail of fried ham and toast extended for an eighth of a mile. Some cadet had loaded the gun with sandwiches, rammed them down under newspaper wradding, and awaited the event. No one ever discovered who that frolicsome cadet was.

Great Britain will soon have to find another Valhalla, for Westminster Abbey has room for just about half a dozen more of the nation's great dead. Mrs. Gladstone and the sixth duke of Northumberland were the latest to be interred there. Mrs. Gladstone being buried beside her distinguished husband, William Ewart Gladstone. Only one other woman has been buried in the abbey within the last 20 years; two poets, Browning and Tennyson; one archbishop, two architects, the scientist, Charles Darwin, and a queen's printer, Sir William Spottiswoode.

## Lesson in American History in Puzzle.



"I HAVE DONE MY SOVEREIGN'S WILL." FIND TWO FRENCHMEN WHO ESCAPED.

Pedro Manuel de Ayllon was appointed governor of Florida in 1565 by King Philip of Spain. Philip had been informed of the French Huguenot settlement planted in the territory claimed by Spain by the Protestant Admiral Coligny, and Menendez was commissioned to destroy them. He landed at the present site of St. Augustine and founded that city. He then marched against the French settlement and massacred all but 70 of the settlers, these escaping into the woods. In the spring of 1565 this massacre was avenged by the French nobleman Chevalier Dominique de Gourges, who fitted out an expedition at his own expense for that purpose. He surprised the Spanish garrison and killed all of them. In this act of revenge he was assisted by the Indians of Florida, who hated the Spaniards.

### GREAT ISLES OF THE NORTH.

Canada's Title to Those in the Arctic Waters Is a Matter of Serious Doubt.

Canada's title to the immense island areas in the arctic waters north and east of the dominion proper has lately been called in question. These areas contain the precious and other metals, and some of them may yet prove as valuable as the Yukon itself.

There are hundreds of islands, some as large as England and Ireland, says the San Francisco Bulletin. One of them, Baffin Land, is some 1,100 miles in length and 200 miles across at its widest part. Baffin Land lies at the head of the Hudson bay and is divided from that enormous and almost unexplored section of Canada known as Labrador by Hudson Strait.

There are large islands in the strait itself between Baffin Land and Labrador and some in the northern part of Hudson bay between the main land and Labrador. The rest of the islands are contiguous to northern Canada in the Arctic ocean.

These waters are frequented by American whalers, the owners of which have established permanent fishery stations far apart in various directions. The question of sending Canadian officials into these unorganized parts to form them into provincial districts of Canada and exercise regular jurisdiction over them has been frequently mooted of late years and may be shortly carried into effect.

Attention was called to the subject at the last Ontario land surveyors' convention. A recommendation was adopted to memorialize the Dominion government to take formal possession of the unorganized country on behalf of Great Britain. It was declared that the peninsula and archipelagoes north of Canada in the Arctic ocean were known to possess considerable undeveloped mineral wealth and might be claimed by some other power.

### THE LONDON TWANG.

It Is Much More Common Among the Young Than Among the Older Englishmen.

Among the evils of the world which the enthusiasts tell us, education will most infallibly do away with, is that painful and inexplicable mystery, the cockney twang. But it is a remarkable fact that the well-known cockney habit of pronouncing a's and p's is much more common among the young than it is among the middle-aged while among the veterans of London it is hardly known at all, says the London Globe. One can talk to the average London working-man of 60 or 70 without detecting the slightest lapse into this distressing habit indeed, the old London workingman talks very often in the grand style, with a fine dignity of rolling syllables and a singularly clear enunciation. Among the middle-aged the twang is noticeable, but among the young it is obvious in every word they utter. Precisely the same may be said of the South London accent it is not in the suburban resident, but in his sons and daughters, that we detect the evil. From this it would seem that the twang and the accent are both of recent growth and, by the same token, that the present board schools are powerless to arrest their progress. Mr. Samuel Weller experienced trouble with his w's, clipped his "would" into "ud," and occasionally said "coz" when he intended to say "because." But he never spoke of a "lidy," and never said "abahrt." The origin of this modern twang is a matter difficult to determine; the great thing is to arrest its growth before it becomes universal.

### PRETTY THINGS TO WEAR.

Long Coats for Autumn Have Been Greatly Improved in Fit—Fresh Feminine Flattery.

Jet, which is always stylish, when of the best quality, and is to be used so artistically, on both millinery and dress trimmings, is being added to mourning millinery by the best modistes. But it is used only in small quantities, introduced here and there, among the folds of crape and dull finished silk and chiffon, reports the New York Tribune.

A remarkable improvement is noticeable in the new long coats exhibited for early autumn wear. They are by no means tight fitting, but they have the loose, "baggy" effect that has distinguished them throughout the summer, and they are far more graceful. Made of the lightweight winter cloths, they give promise of being prime favorites for general utility wear through the coming season.

A smart suit is of a deep shade of violet, in ladies' cloth, made with a seven-gored flare skirt embroidered with white silk violets wreathed in a broad garland around the skirt. The same design of white violets appears on the cuffs and revers of the three-quarter length coat, which opens over a white vest embroidered in deep purple violets. An amethyst buckle clasps the vest at the waist and a smaller one fastens the white silk and lace stock. To be worn with this costume is a white beaver hat trimmed with clusters of velvet violets in purple and white all around the crown, and falling over the brim at the left side.

A less elaborate but equally elegant gown was shown by special courtesy, and was made of rough blue cloth—an one of the new blue shades. The skirt flared a good deal and had graceful fan-shaped pleats let into the seams at the foot. The shirt waist was plaited back and front, the front plaits and the belt being trimmed with medallionized gilt buttons in dull Russian gold finish. With this suit, for use on cold days, was a long coat of the same cloth, lined all the way down the fronts with silk a shade darker, and across this facing, at short intervals, were narrow straps of blue braid of a rich weave, confined by gilt buttons. The deep cuffs, pointed and flaring, were of the same silk.

A large opportunity for displaying individuality of taste is afforded in the arrangement of picturesque shoulder draperies. These are not in lace and chiffon alone, but also in cloth. Those of cloth are to be worn only with tailor-made gowns, and reach to the elbows, like little capes. Other tailored gowns effect a deep, capelike envelopment on the sleeves, which gives a "chic" look, especially to a slender figure.

### REVIVAL OF THE CAMELLIA.

Renewed Interest in Old-Fashioned Flowers Has Been Manifested of Late.

Florists report an extraordinary revival of interest in old-fashioned flowers. Country estates have sent their orders too large to be filled for verbenas, pansies, marigolds, phlox, and such quaint old favorites. The aster is nearly as popular this year as the chrysanthemum in its prime; the day lily is also popular, says the New York Post.

The most remarkable revival is that of the waxy white camellia, which reigned supreme in the early '70s. The demand for this flower as a man's boutonniere decoration threatens to send the gardenia into obscurity. The two flowers bear a strong family resemblance to each other, the gardenia being the less stiff and waxy, but is also less perfect in symmetry and whiteness. The gardenia has a faint perfume, disliked by some men.

But the strongest claim the camellia has to become the flower of fashion is that it is very expensive, and not too easy to obtain at any price. Unlike the gardenia the camellia has no stem. It is necessary to cut the plant itself with the flower. As four or five buds have often to be sacrificed to get one perfect flower, and as each bud is worth at least 50 cents, even a boutonniere becomes a thing of price.

The camellia is a sentimental flower, suggestive of erinodes, and hair worn low on the neck, but it is undeniably an elegant flower as well, with something of the distinction of the orchid about it. It is dignified. Nobody would ever think of calling it a blossom, or including it in a "nosegay." It cannot be massed for decorative purposes, unless in funeral wreaths, with its own deep green foliage. It is best worn singly, a perfect thing by itself, on a man's evening coat, or in the dark braids of a woman's hair. But women are not likely to take much interest in its new vogue. It is not suited to modern feminine dress.

As a greenhouse plant it is really worthy of esteem. It does not demand great heat, nor much sunshine, and is, therefore, well suited to the ordinary city conservatory. It requires more water than other plants. A greenhouse full of camellias in bloom is uncommonly showy and effective.

We are accustomed to speak of the camellia as white, and the double white variety is admired above all others, but the plant is grown in many colors in Japan and China. The pink and red flowers never reach the symmetrically imbricated form and the virgin purity of tone of the white, and have seldom been worn as a decoration.

### THE MENTAL ATTITUDE.

A Frame of Mind Between the Two Extremes Is the Best to Cultivate.

To remain young, as is often said, one must keep the heart warm. Youth has ever the mental attitude of hope and anticipation. Retrospection must form no part of the life of her who would retain a youthful appearance. Gloomy reminiscence, a continual unhappy "looking backward," wrinkles wrinkles fast. So do envy, pettiness, moroseness and all unamiable traits. Happiness is not only a great beautifier, but a great rejuvenator as well. Happiness is not dependent upon outward conditions. Not at all. Happiness is a flower which blooms in the heart and whose fragrance permeates the whole being. It is very easy cultivation, requires very little expense and grows luxuriously with the least encouragement. It is the greatest wrinkle-remover known, says the Ledger Monthly.

Excessive manifestations of grief, conducive to premature age. The great lesson to be derived from life's discipline is self control.

"Into each life some rain must fall. Some day be dark and dreary."

But—  
"Behind the cloud the sun's still shining, and its effulgence will disperse the storm."

Cultivate a frame of mind which mean between the extremes of optimism and the excessive emotional. Emotional spendthrifts become bankrupts. When the muscles of the face are overworked they become flaccid. Firm muscles are essential to youthful contour. Cultivate a hobby rather than lose interest in life. It is better to have some active work, no matter how small, than to be idle. Enthusiasm is a youthful trait and quickens the circulation. If you become torpid, you're lost.

### ORGAN GRINDER'S HINT.

Thought His Mate's Flirtation Had Gone Far Enough and Told Her in a Tune.

He was a big, swarthy Italian, and so strong that he pulled the heavy piano organ along the streets without the help of the woman who accompanied him, relates a New York exchange.

She was remarkable for the natural grace displayed in every movement, and her bold beauty, which was heightened by a fancy jacket and bright ornaments in her hair. And when he ground out the ragtime tune she passed among those who stood about and listened, held out a tempting rine for the pennies and nickels, while she made the appeal more effective with a smile that showed her even white teeth and made her big, brown eyes dance in a way that was fetching to many who saw them.

The couple halted in front of a warehouse in the wholesale grocery district, and in a moment several of the clerks and salesmen stepped from within and lined up near the curb. The fore the second tune was finished it was plain they were as much interested to the woman as to the music, a fact which did not escape the man behind the tunes.

She was not averse to flirting a bit, apparently, for she laughed and joked with the men, and continued to sing that her partner began to scowl. He continued the music for a moment longer, then stopped suddenly. With an angry movement he swung over the lever that changed the tunes, and turned the crank far enough to leave that it was not the one he wanted. He tried it a second and third time and at the fourth attempt displayed a grim satisfaction as he stepped back to give his arm full play and then rattled out: "Why Don't You Get a Lady of Your Own?"

The woman took the hint and immediately drew back to her place near the organ.

### Peach Soup.

Peel half a dozen fine peaches carefully, cut them into small slices and stew sugar over them. Dissolve three-quarters of a pound of sugar in a pint and a half of water, add one bottle of white wine, the juice of 1½ large or two small lemons, and the sliced peaches. Let the mixture grow perfectly cold on the ice, and serve with sweet biscuit, or the little croutons glaze. This is made still nicer by adding the pulp of a few more peaches pressed through a sieve.—What to Eat.

### Cress and Egg.

Boil two eggs very hard, rub the yolks through a wire sieve and season with salt and pepper. Cut up about one dozen sprigs of cress into small pieces, mixed with the egg yolk and a very little garlic cut up fine, mix with a little French dressing and place in a flat dish; cut up the hard-boiled whites of eggs into rings and place on top and around the mixture. In each ring place a small twig of cress. This makes a very palatable and pretty dish.—Washington Star.

### Celery Knob Salad.

Procure two bunches of knob celery; peel, wash and boil them in water till done; drain, and when cold, cut the knobs in fine slices; put them in a salad bowl, pour over a French dressing, and let stand one hour on ice.—Ledger, Monthly.

### Time and Growth.

Saleslady—Here's your change. Customer—And now you'd better give me a size larger. My child has surely outgrown the other shoes while I have been waiting.—N. Y. Herald.